

Bordoni aft: Hase (7)

The DEVIL to pay at St. JAMES'S:

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O R,

A full and true ACCOUNT of a most horrid and bloody BATTLE between Madam FAUSTINA and Madam CUZZONI.

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A L S O

Of a hot SKIRMISH between Signor BOSCHI and Signor PALMECINI.

M O R E O V E R,

How SENESINO has taken Snuff, is going to leave the Opera, and sing Psalms at Henley's ORATORY.

A L S O

About the Flying Man, and how the Doctor of St. Martin's has very unkindly taken down the Scaffold, and disappointed a World of good Company.

A S A L S O

How a certain Great Lady is gone mad for Love of WILLIAM GIBSON, the Quaker.

A N D

How the *Wild Boy* is come to Life again, and has got a Dairy Maid with Child.

A L S O

About the great Mourning, and the Fashions, and the Alterations, and what not.

With other material Occurrences, too many to insert.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A MOORE, near St. Paul's, and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

M DCC XXVII. (Price Six-pence.)

The Devil to pay at St. James's:

A full and true Account of a most
rid and bloody Battle between Ma-
dam Faustina and Madam Curzon.

ALSO
Of a hot Skirmish between Signor Bosoni
and Signor Palmecini.

MOREOVER,
How Signorino has taken Snuff, is going
to leave the Opera, and the Pilsens at
Henry's ORATORY.

ALSO
About the Flying-Man, and how the Doctor of St.
James has very unkindly taken down the Lord
fold, and appointed a World of good Company.

AS ALSO
How a certain Great Lady is gone mad for Love
of a certain Great Lord, the Queen.

AND
How the Wolf has come to Life again, and has got
a Party with Child.

ALSO
About the Great Famine, and the Famine, and the
Famine, and what not.

With other material Occurrences, too many to insert.

P R I N T E D
Printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's, and sold
by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.
M DCC LXXXV. (Price Six-pence.)



W O of a Trade seldom or ever agree: This we daily see verified in the many Skirmishes which happen between the Ladies that sell Mackrell near *London Bridge*, and the Nymphs that vend Live Mutton about *Fleet-Street* and *Covent-Garden*: But who would have thought the Infection should reach the *Hay-Market*, and inspire Two Singing Ladies to pull each others Coiffs, to the no small Disquiet of the Directors, who (God help 'em) have enough to do to keep Peace and Quietness between 'em.

Which of the two is the Aggressor, I dare not determine, lest I lose the Friendship of many Great Noble Personages, who espouse some the one, some the other Party, with such Warmth, that it is not now, (as formerly) *i. e.* are you High Church or Low, Whig or Tory; are you for Court or Country, King *George*, or the Pretender: but are you for *Faustina* or *Cuzzoni*, *Handel* or *Bononcini*. There's the Question. This engages all the Polite World in warm Disputes; and but for the soft Strains of the Opera, which have in some Measure qualified and allay'd the native Verocity of the
English;

English, Blood and Slaughter would consequently ensue.

As I said before, I shall not determine who is the Aggressor, but take the surer Side, and wisely pronounce 'em both in fault; for it is certainly an apparent Shame that two such well-bred Ladies should call Bitch and Whore, should scold and fight like any Billingsgates. We have had Singers, nay, *Italian* Singers, here before now, but never such Doings: Witness Madam *Margaritta* and Madam *Tofts*; who, tho' they ow'd each other a Spight, and had both pretty high Spirits, yet they never came to Handy-cuffs. Nay, I am very credibly inform'd, tho' they mortally hated each other, they had the Good-Manners to kiss and cry at Parting. This was as it should be; this was fashionable, this was handsome, and indeed commendable. Then we had Madam *Pillotti*, and Madam *Isabella*; they were as loving as *Balls* Pigs, as mild as Turtles; they visited and drank Tea, and there was no such Hurricane between them. It was much the same with Madam *Durastanti* and Madam *Robinson*. What therefore can be the Meaning! that these two Ladies, and only them, should make such a Rout is beyond my Comprehension. God forbid I should judge amiss; yet I cannot but think there is more in this Matter than People are aware of; who knows but they are sent here to raise Dissentions among true Protestants! There are too many shrewd Causes of Suspicion.

I. They

1. They come from *Rome*;
2. The Pope lives at *Rome*;
3. So does the Pretender.
4. The Pope is a notorious Papist;
5. So is the Pretender,
6. So is Madam *Faustina*,
7. And so is Madam *Cuzzoni*.
8. King *George* (God bless him) is a Protestant;
9. The Papists hate the Protestants;
10. The Pope hates King *George*;
11. The Pretender can't abide him.
12. But Madam *Cuzzoni* and Madam *Faustina*,
love the Pope, and in all Probability the Pre-
tender.

Ergo

From whence I infer, that it is not safe to have Po-
pish Singers tolerated here, in *England*; but on the
contrary, it would be a great Security to the Pro-
testant Interest to have a Clause added to some Act
of Parliament, obliging all Foreign Singers, Dan-
cers and Tumblers, to abjure the Devil, the Pope,
and the Pretender, before they appear in Publick.
But for this we must wait with Patience, and submit
to wiser Heads: In the mean Time, I humbly pro-
pose, that since these Ladies are not to be recon-
ciled by any other gentle Means, 'tis best that
they fight it out at *Figg's* or *Stake's* Amphitheatre,
and that a Subscription be open'd for that Purpose,
and the best Woman have the whole House. For
the further Diversion of the Company, I would

have *Boschi* and *Palmerini* be their Seconds, and *Senesino* and *Baldi* should divert the Spectators with a Bout or two at Blunts for a Hat and Feather before the Mistresses mount the Stage.

Count *Vienna* shall be Door-keeper, and *Heidegger* shall take the Money; the Bill or Challenge to be drawn up by that very ingenious Person, who has illustrated the Science of Defence with his Lucubrations, and is at present Secretary to the Amphitheatre.

This will be Matter of new Diversion to the *Beau Monde* and I doubt not but the Town will thank me for my Contrivance: If this Method succeeds, the Composers may compose their Differences this way, and fight it out fairly for the Satisfaction of the Publick.

But now I think on it, the Opera House may be made Use of to save Charges; besides, it is more commodious, and will hold more Company.

It is not doubted but great Wagers will attend this Dispute; but whether or no it will affect *South-Sea Stock* I cannot easily foresee. However * * * * * may happen, which God forbid, or that * * * * * but Time only can bring to pass * * * * * and consequently behoves every good Christian to pray for an amicable Termination of so important an Affair.

In the mean Time we are all in Tears; the Opera abruptly broken off; several Subscribers have threatned not to renew such Dudgeon; as this
may

may end in the Downfal of the Opera its self: and then adieu to all, to all that's Grand, Happy or Polite. *Senesino* is disgusted to the last Degree to see himself neglected, and such a Bustle made about these two Madams; he curses the Directors, damns the Opera, sinks the Composers, and bids the Devil take the whole Town: He swears like a Trooper, and raves like a Madman; and being a little Delirious, he went the other Day to offer himself to Mr *H——y*, to officiate as Clerk in his Oratory; the Dr. treated him very handsomely, but told him no such Thing could be done; at the same Time referring him to the 23d Chapter of *Deutrenomy*, with which he was not very well satisfied; but ——— who accompanied him thither, finding himself qualified, and being heartily sick of the Poms of this World and the Vanities of a Court, has resolv'd to lead a new Life, to quit his old Company and Courses, and become a Miracle of Sanctity. He has bespoke a Dozen of Bands of a noted Milliner in the *Palmall*, and goes every Day to Mr. *W——n* of *St. James's* to learn to sing Psalms, and cannot bear an Opera Song. So thorough and sudden a Reformation is Matter of great Speculation to all Mankind. However, the Orator is loth to trust him, and has already given him a handsome Denial. This has so nettled him, he is resolv'd to break the Oratory, and is hourly teasing the Quaker to set up a Conventicle in Opposition, offering to go his Halves. Here likewise he has no Success; for a certain great Lady, who shall be

be nameless, is so desperately smitten with Friend G——n, that she has offer'd to give up her all without a Penny of Jointure, in Case he will marry her; or in Case he will not marry, if he will be kept according to the present laudable Custom, she will buy him a Commission: And further to tempt him, she has offer'd him Choice of Tie Wiggs and Toupees, with a compleat Mourning Equipage, and every Thing else to the Pink of the Mode. Besides this, she proposes to have him taught to Dance, to Sing, to speak French, to Fence, and to ride the great Horse: In short, she proposes to make quite another Creature of him. How far the ill Usage of the *Puritans*, added to the Wealth and Beauty of this Lady, may provoke him, I know not, but I am told he hardly knows how to deny her.

But what is that to the Purpose? 'Tis a great way to *Gracechurch-street*, and the *Quaker* is nothing to compare to the flying Man, who had given the Town a great deal of Diversion if the Doctor had not baulk'd him by taking down his Scaffold: There was a World of Company had made Parties for his second Operation; and if this Thing had not happen'd, in all probability a Subscription had been rais'd for the Continuance of this Diversion instead of the Opera, as being so much the cheaper. But the Doctor has lost the good Graces of a great many pretty Ladies, ay, and pretty Gentlemen too; they think, considering how Fashions go, he might be civiller to a Stranger, who will doubtless call him a very unmannerly Person when he comes
into

into his own Country. But before he leaves us, he intends, I hear, to discover his Secret, and proposes to establish Flying Stages all over *England*; by which Means, Gentlemen of Agility may fly any Distance in a very small Time. For Example, from *London* to *York* in Hours, and in Time proportionable, to any Part of *England*. This will be of general Use, and I hope teach the People of *England* how much they are indebted to Foreigners for the Improvement of all Arts and Sciences.

But who would have thought that *Peter*, the Wild Boy, who appear'd so Sly and so Serious, who, I say, would have thought that he of all People in the World, should have any Insight into the Trade of Basket-making? but it is certainly true, neither better or worse; for it seems he has play'd some of his Wild Pranks with a Dairy Maid at *Harrow* the *Hill*, whom he has got with Child. Now should she be brought to Bed of another Wild Boy, Lord have Mercy upon us! what shall we do? Or how shall we catch him? He will certainly be as fleet as a Hare the Minute he is born, as his Father was before him. And if the Child should run away and be lost in the Woods, what a deal of Amusement will the Town lose. But they say the Dairy Maid is to be brought forthwith to Town, to *Lacy's* Bagnio, and to have the Rabbet-Woman's Apartment fitted up for her. She is Daily to be attended by Men-Midwives, and narrowly to be watch'd by Constables. If so, we are like to have some Diversion,

sion, however, this Summer: And no doubt she will be visited by a great deal of good Company. But how can People mind Diversions, or any Thing else, when there is Mourning going forwards ; and how can they think of Mourning for the Coronation, or of the Coronation for the Birth-Day ? In short, there is so much to do, no Body knows where to begin. We are in a Dilemma ; our Passions are divided *hinc & inde* ; sometimes we weep and lament for the Loss of our late gracious King ; and then all of a sudden we burst into Tears of Joy, to think what a good King we have in his Stead ; One familiarized to us, One who loves us and our Country ; and that besides, we have a most excellent Queen, graceful, gracious, affable, and endow'd with every amiable Qualification. Our Joy is carried yet farther, when we see so numerous and lovely an Issue, and that in all Probability we shall never want one of this illustrious House to fill the Throne of these Kingdoms. Then how do we rejoice, how do we sing and make merry, 'till all of a sudden our Taylors and Mantua-makers put us in mind of our Loss, by bringing home our Mourning ; then we lament afresh, then our Habits renew the former Impressions of Sorrow in our Minds ; for who can rejoice that is in deep Mourning from Top to Toe ? Vexation is added to Mourning, when we find they have made 'em too long or too short, too little or too big, or perhaps have not made 'em at all, but put us off, and given us the Mortification to see others in the Fashion before us.

This

This is insupportable, added to the Impositions of Drapers, Mercers, Milliners, and other Trades-people, who bite our Heads off, and leave us no way of recovery, but to revenge our selves by not paying them at all; the Ladies cry out Shame on 'em for raising their Price to such an exorbitant Heighth: Good God! say they, who would ever have thought that *Bumbazeen* should be dearer than *Italian Mantua*. But these Rogues the Mercers bite the Ladies Heads off; they talk 'em out of their Senses; they beat 'em out of their Play; they have a String of Words, which they call the eternal Jingle; these they readily vary backwards and forwards, and play off without Intermission; so that it is an impossible Thing to recollect ones self or know what you are about when a Mercer is ringing his Peal in your Ears: There certainly is somewhat of Inchantment in it. In short, they are clever Fellows, and the luckiest in Life at baptizing Commodities: They have their Evening Academies, where they study the Art of Invention; and very wisely judging, that a Name oftentimes gives more or less value to a Thing, as it suits the Inclination of the People, they christen their Goods a-new as they grow out of Fashion, and very often trump up an old Thing so successfully with a new Name, that no Body will imagine it to be the same. A particular Instance of this is *Bumbazeen*. What a lucky Thought! I envy the Projector, and would give the World to be Master of the Invention of that
single

single Word; but the happy Mercer was a Rogue at the Bottom, and a Piece of a Poet I dare say; for he has shewed himself a perfect Master of the Art of Borrowing, vulgarly called Stealing; he has not taken Words, Lines, and Sentences, as our modern Poets do, but by a happy Inversion and Mutation of Syllables, he makes Words of a quite different Sound and Application. Give me leave to fancy my self a Mercer in a deep Soliloquy, and I will let you see more of the Matter.

Poor Linsy Woolfy! what a Dbg of a Tradesman was thy Godfather; he was, no doubt, some sneaking Small beer Rascal, or he could never have entertained so mean an Idea; had he lived generously, as other Mercers do, drank his Bottle, kept his Country House, a Girl and a Gelding at t'other End of the Town, he never would have thought of the Name Linsy Woolfy; he would surely have contrived some pretty soft smooth gliding Word, that should have taken the Ear at once, something that should bamboozel People out of their Senses: Bamboozel; hum! a good Hint, there's something of a Chime in the Word: It has been turned already from the Bombast; but it will bear another Turn; let me see ——— *Bam-bum-boo bo-bas te-tle-tin-sin-zin-zeen*; O no, 'Zeen is much softer; I have it, I have it, *Bumbazeen*. Thus, gentle Reader, after this, or the like manner, was the Word *Bumbazeen* brought to Light; what Success it has met with all the Word knows; so
 let

let us take our Leaves of the Mercers, the Taylors, the Milliners, and all the Mechanick Tribe; let 'em raise their Prices, and be d—d, we know how to be even with 'em, as I said before: Come gentle, sweet and courteous Readers, you shall go along with me to Dr. S—'s, the Darling, the Delight and Wonder of Mankind; he shall shew ye Rarities, he shall make it as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face, that *Gulliver* was no Romancer; that there is such a Place as *Lilliput*, and such a People as the *Lilliputians*, having lately receiv'd a Present from Old Capt. *Gulliver* of a *Lilliputian* Sow, who has just farrow'd nine beautiful Pigs, as also a Boar of the same Specie, the most beautiful that ever Eyes beheld; the Boar and Sow are much of a Size, each being very near as big as a Dormouse; the Pigs are less than Imagination can conceive, about the Bigness of a Bee. But *Hogarth* the Engraver is making a Print after them, which will give a juster Idea of them than I can. These Animals are not like our nasty Swine, but certainly the neatest Creatures in Life; they smell more fragrant than Musk itself, their Eyes are like Diamonds, their Bristles you wou'd swear were Silver: Nay, when they are asleep, and don't move, you will take 'em for little Silver Toys of the most curious Workmanship; they make no Noise in their Sleep, but when they are awake, and at Play, they call one another in the most musical Tone I ever heard, far beyond any thing of *Vener-*

fino, Cuzzoni or *Faustina*. The Doctor is infinitely fond of 'em, as well he may; and such Crowds of People daily press to see 'em, that it is perfectly inconvenient, and I fear will make him leave the Town sooner than he intended, or desir'd. They feed on Green Tea Leaves; they will eat Bohea, but it makes 'em sick and short-winded: They are the gentlest, tamest Creatures breathing, and very docile. The Boar, far different from our *English* Boars, is excessively fond of his Mate, and equally of his Young. The Doctor keeps 'em in a little Silver Box grated at Top; for, as I said before, they are prodigiously clean; they never dung but once a Week, and then they give Notice. In short, they are the cleanest, sweetest, prettiest Creatures I ever saw; and should they breed plentifully, I doubt not to see 'em in every Family of Condition: For, Ladies will be glad to have so great a Novelty at any Price. Another Curiosity is, an exact Figure of a *Lilliputian* Beauty, done by a great Artist of the Country after the Life. As for bringing over any of the People, 'tis impossible; our Climate is too gross, they wou'd be immediately choak'd up: This Figure, however, will give us a clearer Idea of this People, than we could hitherto frame. In short, they are the greatest Curiosity *England* ever boasted of, or perhaps may; and should the Doctor take 'em away suddenly, 'twill be very uncivil indeed. I could rehearse their many o-

ther

ther Virtues, as also the other Curiosities reserv'd by the Captain for his own Use; but must defer these, and all other Particulars; which, as I said in my Title, could not be inserted: But, to oblige the World, in a small Time, I will publish an *Appendix* to this Book, in two *Folio* Treatises, which shall compleat the whole Design, and take in all and every Particular worthy of Notice.

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